

as to the quantity of seed per acre. This might have been the case. I left about half an acre, sown with wheat, unplastered. The difference might be seen at any distance from whence the crop was visible. That rolled in plaster shot into heads a week sooner than the other, and always retained a superiority. The skirts of the reapers were reddened with the rust of the unplastered wheat. But not a straw of that plastered wheat in the least discolored. Its backwardness as to maturation, which was very perceptible, exposed the unplastered wheat to be attacked by the rust.

This it may be said is a solitary fact, and should not be considered as establishing a rule—true it should not; but the plaster here evidently operated to ensure exemption from rust in this case, may we not at least hope that it would do so again, and especially as we are told by that eminent chemist Leibig that it is the capacity of not only extracting the food of plants from the atmosphere, but of assimilating with and giving it a fixed character in the earth, and that by the gradual decomposition which ensues, a regular and constant supply of nutriment is carried on; from which we may infer, that as the event of a rapid decomposition of the manure is prevented, that the danger of "excessive vegetation" will be obviated, when that peculiar condition of the atmosphere, which it is supposed induces rust, may exist. By the experiment of Judge Peters, it is proved, so far as a single experiment can do so, that the rolling wheat in plaster accelerated its seed fully a week, and to that he ascribes its exemption from rust, and certainly his conclusion is justified by the fact, that wheat in the same field, which had not been plastered, was of such length of time later coming to maturity, and was rusted while the former was entirely exempt from that disease. Now, may it not be the power ascribed by Leibig to plaster, of producing a gradual decomposition of the food, and, consequently, of so giving it out to the plants, that induces this exemption from rust? Judge Peters? We all know that regularity in the feeding of animals is just as necessary to their health and growth as quantity, and why may it not be the same with members of the vegetable kingdom? Reason and common sense would tell us that the analogy would hold good. At all events there can be no harm in making the trial.

While upon this subject it may not be amiss to refresh the memories of our readers, with respect to a very valuable paper we published in the last number of our 3d volume, upon the efficacy of "Charcoal as a Manure."—That paper was from the pen of J. H. Hepburn, of Pennsylvania, and contained the following striking fact. Mr. H. in the concluding paragraph of his essay says:

"I have just been made acquainted with another result of the application of charcoal to arable land, that if general from its application will induce its use by every one who can procure it at a reasonable price; that is, wherever charcoal has been applied (I trust never affects the growing crop of wheat).

In commenting upon this stated fact, the intelligent editors of the "Southern Planter," append the following remarks:

Charcoal is supposed to influence vegetation in two ways. By its combination with oxygen it may afford carbonic acid gas, furnishing the supply of carbon for plants. For this purpose, it is probable, that the more minutely it is sub-divided, the better. But the property for which it has been chiefly valued in agriculture, is its extraordinary power of absorption. Pure, fresh burnt charcoal possesses the power of absorbing ninety times its volume of ammoniacal gas, and thirty-five times its volume of carbonic acid gas. This power of absorption is much diminished by reducing it to powder; it should, therefore, when used for agricultural purposes be just broken so as to allow of its equal distribution over the surface of the soil. Its power of absorption is pretty much in proportion to the density of the wood from which it is made. Nothing in nature is more inimitable than charcoal. Its action, as we have described it, is merely that of a mechanical holder or receiver of the gases with which it may be brought in contact, and which would otherwise be dissipated. Upon the falling of the first rain, they are filtered out for the use of vegetables, and the charcoal remains unaltered, prepared to renew its kindly offices for ages.—*Southern Planter*.

Butter making in New York.

MR. EDITOR:—Business led me to visit Goshen and Minisink, Orange Co., N. Y., in my last journey to that state and knowing that it was noted thro' the Union for a superior butter making country, I determined to learn every part of the process. I was surprised to find that after the milk is strained, every part of the process differs from ours.

First the keeping of cows, especially in winter, is somewhat peculiar. When the land is laid down to grass, six quarts of southern clover, and as much herdsgrass or Timothy is sown on an acre. This ensures generally a very thick growth of rich pasture or mowing land. They prefer the southern clover because it is smaller than ours, and has the advantage, in that the second crop of the season is well seeded, and is the one from which the seed is gathered.

I am convinced from what I saw that on an average not more than one half the quantity of grass seed is sown in Maine which should be.

They feed their cows hay to cows and I was surprised to see how green they put it in the barn. They say they wish it to be fermented.

I visited Gen. Wickomb's yard in Goshen where I saw forty cows; all, or nearly all, grade animals of the Durham short horned breed. Every cow has a separate stall, and outside door made of three upright boards with two open spaces 3 inches wide to admit air.

The barn is an L, with a southern aspect. Each door is numbered. In many of the yards I saw boxes for four cows, made as follows: Four slat-wood posts 5 feet long at each corner—four side boards 12 to 15 inches wide and six feet long, nailed on so that the lower edge is 20 inches from the ground, a bottom is laid over at this lower edge from the top of each post there is a board about 4 feet long, coming down on the side board like a brace and nailed to it—of course there are eight of these. This forms a place on each side for one animal to feed and they cannot throw out the straw or hay which is all put in the box, when the cattle are fed in the yard.

I have been thus particular because I do believe it an important arrangement.

Some raise the sugar beet for winter use. Now for the butter making: The milk is strained in pans or oaken tubs holding two pails full. Every thing is done in the cellar. The milk is not meddled with until it coagulates, when each day's, or each half day's milk is put in the churn with nearly an equal quantity of cold water in summer, and warm water in autumn or winter, to bring it to the proper temperature, which is from 55 to 60 degs. of Fahrenheit.

The churn is made in the barrel form, of Oak; hooped with iron, with a wooden hoop three inches wide at top, in which the cover rests. For six to ten cows the churn should hold 30 gallons—and in that proportion for a larger number. I believe they rarely exceed two barrels, as in large dairies they prefer to churn several times a day, to the use of larger vessels.

Churning is never done by hand except for a single cow.

In small dairies it is done by a dog or sheep, on an inclined wheel, propelling the dash by very simple gearing. Those larger, have horse or water power. The motion can be communicated to the shaft and arm, elevating and depressing the dash a convenient distance from the moving power, by two wires. For a dog or sheep (the latter is preferred, both from economy and efficiency) a wheel 8 feet in diameter, is inclined about 22 deg. with a horizon, on which the animal is placed, having cloths

nailed on to prevent his slipping. No other harness is required than a strap around the neck. His weight is sufficient to move the machine. On the upper side of this wheel is fastened a cast iron cog wheel or circular ratchet, 3 feet in diameter, which carries a pinion and crank. The wheel is often cut door—sometimes in the cellar. It may be in a barn or shed and the motion communicated by wires, as before stated.

When the butter begins to curdle, as it is called, all is washed down with another pail of water, and the motion continued till the butter gathers. Let it be remembered the butter is never touched with the hands. All is done with a short ladle the blade of which resembles in shape the clam shell, and is 5 inches across at the end. The handle about 5 inches long.

The ladle and tray are always kept filled with cold water, when out of use, to prevent the butter from sticking to them.

The butter is worked and salted with the ladle in a tray. When it has stood long enough to become firm, after salting, all the butter milk is worked out, and it is packed down solid in tubs of 40 or 50 lbs. If it cannot be made solid by the ladle, a pounder is used. When one churning is put down a cloth is put on, covered with salt. This is taken off at each addition and replaced, until the tub or firkin is almost full, when half an inch of strong brine is poured over the cloth. Salt is never left between the layers. They prefer blown to ground salt because it is finer and diffuses itself sooner and more perfectly through the mass—it requires a greater measure, but the same weight. A churn used daily is cleaned twice a week. The tubs are prepared of oak or ash, and when wet rubbed thoroughly with as much fine salt as will stick on the inside.

Butter thus made and cured will keep for years in a cool place and sells on an average fifty per cent higher than butter made in the usual way in our State.

Cows average from 150 to 200 pounds a year, and the butter milk is estimated to make 100 pounds of pork, which when brought 10 cents paid all expenses of making the butter—now only half. Some churn over the butter milk after standing one day and pouring off the water. One man who had ten cows told me he made all the butter used in his family in this way and had 20 lbs. on hand.

This letter may appear both too long and too minute. The subject is a most important one, and I insist on the truth of my assertion last winter, that the same number of animals now kept, if the dairy were thus managed would produce in this State 200,000 dollars more than they now do.

Yours truly, JAMES BATES.

Norridgewood, Sept. 20, 1842.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett.

Answer Respecting the Well Sweep.

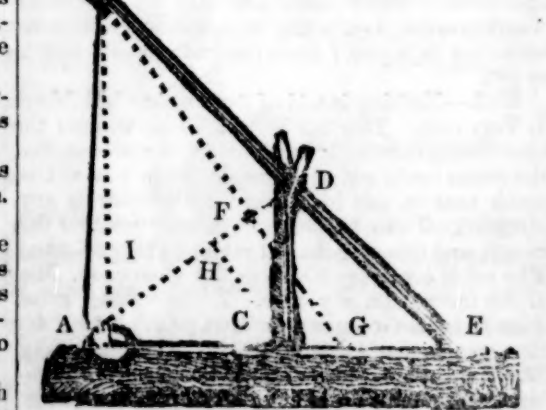
Solution.— $(A^2 + C^2)^{1/2} = AD$ or $(20^2 + 15^2)^{1/2} = 25$ = length of sweep above the crutch. Now it is necessary to find the perpendicular of the triangle ABD, to do which we say, as the base is to the sum of the two sides so is their difference to the difference of the segments; making AD the base we have $25 : 57 :: 7 : 15, 96$, then $(25 - 15, 96) \div 2 = 4, 52 = FD$, then $AF = 25 - 4, 52 = 20, 48$. To find HC we have by Euclid AD : C :: C : D : C H or $25 : 20 :: 15 : 12$, of course $AH = (20^2 - 12^2)^{1/2} = 16$. To find BF we have $(B^2 - FD^2)^{1/2} = BF$ or $(25^2 - 4, 52^2)^{1/2} = 24, 576$. To find FG we have by similar triangles AH : H C :: B F : F G or $16 : 12 :: 24, 576 : 18, 432$, of course $DG = 15, 96 + 18, 432 = 34, 392$, and to find AG we have by similar triangles H C : A C :: F G : A G or $12 : 20 :: 18, 432 : 30, 720$. It is now necessary to find the perpendicular of the triangle ABG, A, which is B I, to do which we have $256 : 71, 948 :: 7, 948 : 22, 376$ = difference of segments of base; A then $(256 - 22, 376) \div 2 = 1, 6312 = \Delta I$, then the perpendicular BI = $(32^2 - 1, 6312^2)^{1/2} = 31, 9582$. IC = $20 - 1, 6312 = 18, 3688$, and to find CE we have BI : D C :: I C : D C : C E or $31, 9582 : 15 : 18, 3688 :: 15 : 16, 3476$ then $(16, 2476^2 + 15^2)^{1/2} = 22, 112 = DE$, then $95 + 22, 112 = 47, 112$ = length of sweep as required.

Readfield, Sept. 1842. E. S. C.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

MR. HOLMES:—In the 36th No. of the Farmer, your correspondent E. S. C. has proposed a question, requiring to determine the length of a well sweep from certain conditions given. If I understand these conditions, the top of the sweep reaches the centre of the well when the bucket is down, and the bucket reaches the bottom of the well, and when the sweep is up, the bottom of the bucket is at the top of the well, while it hangs perpendicular to the horizontal line joining the foot of the crutch and the mouth of the well, or the foot of the crutch and the mouth of the well. The foot of the crutch being 20 feet from the centre of the well, and 15 feet high, we have $\sqrt{20^2 + 15^2} = 25$ for the length of the sweep above the crutch, draw the line A. C. parallel to F. D. which will cut the line B. F. in A. then as the triangles A. B. C, E. C. D. are similar, their sides will be proportional, and it will be $17 : 25 :: 15 : 22, 112$, then $25 + 22, 112 = 47, 112$ = length of the sweep.

Readfield, Sept. 1842. E. S. C.



THE TARIFF.

(Continued.)

I have not examined our last tax act, but in years past I have examined previous acts; and with the best scrutiny I could make, I could find but little to amend.

Here we see knowledge is power. Yes power indeed. It is powerful enough by a talismanic process to make poor David Diggins, a man of power, pay old Capt. Shaveum's tax, while he all the time has the credit of it, and a very useful man in bearing the public burthens.

Now could the public mind be thoroughly enlightened, such people would soon be obliged to give up such processes of saddling their taxes on to their neighbors. And not only so, they would soberly look into the subject of taxation generally, uninfluenced by the cry of political partizans.

As to the pretended inequality of the tariff or protective system, as it respects the laboring classes, I am unable to perceive it. They pay the whole tax in either case, be it more or less. That some arrangements of it might be more unequal on some classes of laborers than on others I admit; but that is a question which concerns ourselves as laborers.

It has been said, "the money collected for duties comes unequally from the pockets of the people, and ought never to be tolerated in a government where equal rights and equal protection are its design." And so then it would seem the design is eventually to change the whole system of raising revenue and resort to direct taxes altogether.

Now I have always been a laborer, first as a mechanic for several years, and then a farmer; and I think I ought to know something about the working of the two systems. I now with all the candor and sincerity in the world, aver that take one time with another, I can pay ten dollars in indirect taxes as easily as I can five in direct.

I suppose we all understand the process of both. In the case of the direct tax the collector comes with his bill and demands the cash, nothing else will do; for there can be no tricking with town orders in paying a U. S. direct tax. Here you must get the cash to settle as you can, come it must sure as death. In the case of the indirect tax, the importer undertakes to pay the tax which he adds, and something more perhaps; to the price, and offers it for sale. No one now is obliged to buy and pay the taxes unless he pleases. It is true some articles of real necessity we may be obliged to purchase, but I believe if we examine our tariff laws, we shall find the amount of them is small; hence the prudent laborer can with respect to the purchase of all articles, except those of prime necessity, choose his own time to pay his indirect taxes. Nor is this all, he can choose generally what articles he will pay it in. I know when I was a mechanic and labored in a sea port place, my indirect taxes were no burthen at all.

If the last position I have taken be correct, that the amount of taxable articles in our tariff laws, which are indispensably necessary, bear but a small proportion to others which may be dispensed with, so much so that the prudent and calculating laborer can almost be his own assessor, is not the mode of collecting a revenue in this way decidedly the best for the laborer? And as the laborer pays the whole, is it not right he should have his choice.

Some have urged the tendency of raising a revenue by duties to produce smuggling and every species of dishonesty. Now I happen to know a little about the collection of duties as well as the assessing and collecting of direct taxes, and I aver it is my settled and deliberate opinion that there would be ten times the quibbling and quirk to deceive Assessors &c. in collecting a direct tax of three millions in the United States, than there would be in collecting indirect taxes to the amount of thirty millions. The fact is, the arrival of a ship laden with foreign articles is a public thing, her cargo is in the best possible situation to be guarded by the vigilance of custom house officers, whose duty it is to immediately put the same under suitable inspection and paid.

J. H. J.

THE TARIFF AGAIN.

MR. HOLMES:—People may think that I am a "short sighted" politician, but I shall undertake the hazard of throwing out some of my ideas for the consideration of the public.

The news often reaches us from the other side of the Atlantic, telling of the extreme sufferings of the laboring poor of Great Britain. And we are told from time to time of the abundance of money in England, much of which has been drained from our country. Now that the facilities for transportation to England have been greatly increased of late, let the question be asked, why should not our agricultural products find their way across the Atlantic to feed the starving poor of Great Britain? Why, Sir, the measures of the British Government are only calculated for the benefit of a chosen few. The language held forth by their Government to the laborer is in effect substantially this—We starve you for the purpose of adding to the strength of the rich and great. How do the oppressors stand in the view of Heaven!

Would to Heaven our country would once more assert its independence and hold forth this language to the British Government. If you will take in exchange for manufactured

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goods such commodities as we can most conveniently spare, we will take a portion of them, otherwise let your manufactures rot upon the wharves. But, Mr. Editor, I shall oppose sending large quantities of our corn to Europe—the British should be urged to take our beef and pork. Do you understand that a continued drain of corn is a drain upon our manure? Great Britain should not be permitted to drain off our manure nor our money. Some indeed may call this a trifle, but one great writer says that "trifles make the sum of human things." Indeed, Mr. Editor, I would gladly lecture our Congress men upon the important subject of political economy, but I fear we have some who in effect will hold forth this language—what do we care for political economy, if we can get up an excitement and carry forward our purposes?

THOMAS PHELPS.

Rumford, 1842.

Improvement in Food, Clothing, and Lodging.

(Continued.)

II. SCOTLAND.

The above statements apply only to the changes that have taken place in the condition of the people of England and Wales; but the change that has taken place in Scotland, since the beginning and middle of last century, has been still more striking and extraordinary. "At the periods referred to," says Mr. McCulloch, "no manufactures, with the exception of that of linen, had been introduced into Scotland. Its agriculture was in the most wretched state imaginable; and the inhabitants were miserably supplied, even in the best years, with food, and were every now and then exposed to all the horrors of famine. The details already laid before the reader have shown the extreme prevalence of outrage and disorder in England, in the sixteenth century; but Scotland was a prey to the same sort of disorders, so late as the end of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth, centuries. In one of the discourses of the Scotch patriot, Fletcher of Saltoun, written in 1698, we find the following statement:

"There are, at this day, in Scotland, (besides a great many poor families, very wretchedly provided for by the church boxes, with others, who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases, (two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be, perhaps, double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet, in all times, there have been about one hundred thousand of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or solicitation, either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and Nature. No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of those wretched died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people, who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."

We suspect there must be some exaggeration in this striking paragraph; for, as Scotland did not, at the period referred to, contain more than a million of inhabitants, it is difficult to suppose, notwithstanding the peculiar distress by which she was then visited, that two hundred thousand persons, or a fifth part of the entire population, could be given up to the mendicancy and disorders described above. But the intelligence and good faith of Fletcher are unquestionable; and there can not be the shadow of a doubt, that the disorders to which he refers were of long standing, and upon the most gigantic scale, and that he did not believe he had in any degree overstated them. Indeed, so impressed was he by the idleness and crime then so prevalent, that, to introduce good order and industry, he did not scruple to recommend the establishment of a system of penal slavery, to which the vagabonds in question and their children should be subjected! The nature of the proposed remedy shows what the disease must have been.

The establishment of schools, and of a more vigorous and impartial system of government, happily succeeded in repressing these disorders. But the people of Scotland continued, till a comparatively recent period, without manufactures or trade, and were involved in the extreme of misery and destitution. The following authentic paragraph, extracted from the statistical account of the parish of Meigle, in Strathmore, contributed by the late Rev. Dr. Playfair, of St. Andrew's may be considered as applying to the whole surrounding district:

"Since the year 1745, a fortunate epoch for Scotland, in general, improvements have been carried on with great ardor and success. At that time, the state of the country was, beyond conception. The most fertile tracts were waste, or indifferently cultivated. The education, manners, dress, furniture, and tables, of the gentry were not so liberal, decent, and sumptuous, as those of ordinary farmers are, at present. The common people, clothed in the coarsest garb, and starving on the meanest fare, lived in despicable huts, with their cattle.

"The half-ploughed fields yielded scanty crops, and manufactures scarcely existed. Almost every improvement in agriculture is of late date; for no ground was then fallowed; no peas, grass, turnips, nor potatoes, were then raised; no cattle were fattened; and little grain was exported. Oats and barley were alternately sown; and, during seven months of the year, the best soil was ravaged by flocks of sheep, a certain number of which was annually sold and carried off, to be fed on richer pastures.

"The inactivity and indolence of farmers were astonishing. When seed-time was finished, the plough and harrow were laid aside till after Autumn; and the sole employment of the farmer and his servants consisted in

weeding the corn-fields, and in digging and carrying home peat, turf, and heath, for winter fuel. The produce of the farm was barely sufficient to enable the tenant to pay a trifling rent and servants' wages, and to procure for his family a scanty subsistence."

In the Highlands, the situation of the inhabitants was, if possible, worse. The writer of the statistical account of the united parishes of Lochgoch and Killinorish, in Argyleshire, referring to the state of the people about 1760, observes,—

"Indolence was almost the only comfort they enjoyed. There was scarcely any variety of wretchedness, with which they were not obliged to struggle, or rather, to which they were not obliged to submit. They often felt what it was to want food. The scanty crops they raised were consumed by their cattle, in Winter and Spring; for a great part of the year they lived wholly on milk, and even that, by the end of the Spring and the beginning of Summer, was very scarce. To such an extremity were they frequently reduced, that they were obliged to bleed their cattle, in order to subsist some time on the blood, (boiled); and even the inhabitants of the glens and valleys repaired in crowds to the shore, at the distance of three or four miles, to pick up the scanty provision which the shell-fish afforded them. They were miserably ill-clothed, and the huts in which they lived were dirty and mean, beyond description. How different from their present situation! They now enjoy the necessities, and many of the comforts, of life, in abundance; even those who are supported by the charity of the parish feel no real want."

The southern counties presented the same picture of sloth, poverty, and wretchedness. The late Rev. Mr. Smith, in his 'Agricultural Survey of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright,' published in 1810, gives, on authority of persons 'now living,' the following details, with respect to the state of husbandry, and the condition of the people, towards the middle of the last century:

"Estates appear to have been broken down into very small farms; or, where these were large, they were held in common, by two, three, or even four, different tenants, who divided the labor and produce in a proportion corresponding to their rent. These, when in tillage, were sometimes run-rigg, when each had his proportion allotted; sometimes, the whole was ploughed, sowed, and reaped, in common, and the produce divided in the field, barn, or barn-yard. Houses or sheds, for the whole cattle of the farm, never entered into their conception. Their cows were indeed not uncomfortably lodged; very often under the same roof with themselves, and sometimes without any intervening wall or partition. Their houses were commonly wretched, dirty hovels, built with stones and mud; thatched with fern and turf; without chimneys; filled with smoke; black with soot; having low doors, and small holes for windows, with wooden shutters, or, in place of these, often stopped with turf, straw, or fragments of old clothes.

"The principal object of tillage was to afford straw for the winter support of the few cattle which the pasture (if such it could be called) maintained in Summer. As they always overstocked, this was a difficult task; and the poor starved animals, before the return of Spring, were reduced to the greatest extremities. Through mere weakness, often they could not rise of themselves. It was a constant practice to gather together neighbors to lift the cows or horses, or to draw them out of the bogs and quagmires into which they were tempted by the first appearance of vegetation.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mobocracy in Portland.

We are grieved to hear that they had a disgraceful mob at the city Hall, in Portland, on the evening of the 30th ult. Mr. S. S. Foster, who we believe is an abolitionist, and if we mistake not a "come outer," proposed to address the citizens, but was shamefully disturbed and the meeting broken up by the mob. We, of course, do not live in Portland, and having nothing to do with its police or municipal affairs, but we have a great regard for the honor and reputation of the State, of New England, nay, of the whole nation, and feel most keenly the injury and insult of such proceedings. We regard with reverence—the great magna Charta of our rights, baptized as it was by the best blood that ever gushed from the heart of America—the sacred right of petition and of free discussion. No matter what the subject—no matter who the speaker—he has a right so long as he keeps himself within the rules of propriety and decency, to speak and to proclaim his views and his opinions, and if we do not like them we have the right to leave him in peace, or stay and combat his arguments by arguments in return. But this bullying—swearing, tar and feather rotten egg system of putting a man down is beneath civilized beings, nay, there is not a tribe of Indians on the continent, nor ever has been, that ever resorted to such utterly low, beastly, brutal means to put down a speaker. Their "talks" are always attended quietly and the speakers treated civilly. They would sooner "go to the death" than be guilty of such mean, cowardly acts as the mobs of the present, [free and enlightened] nineteenth century.

We hope for the honor of Portland—we hope for the honor of the State that the rioters will be brought to justice and such measures be taken as will forever crush any more such detestable and disgraceful acts in future.

Correspondence of the Maine Farmer.

Franklin House, Boston, Sept. 20.

DEAR SIR:—After slipping through the puddle in the J. W. Richmond, I find myself in mediocris in this beautiful city of noise, bustle and confusion; a lady rubs me at the elbow, at every corner, because I will not give her the inside of the walk, and the Samboes, loafers and dandies bunt me in the face and tread upon my heels, because I keep the middle, and thus am I grieved; but I have patience like Job, and have learned to rub shoulders to a charm. Opposite the Post office this morning, I found an old friend whom I was in pursuit of, by bumping him square in the face. I looked at him in full ire, and was about to say some soft words to him, when lo! I discovered who he was and learned that he took this way to make himself known; but my bumping did not end here. I drifted up street to Newall's splendid dry goods store, where all the ladies (and there are hosts of them here), resort for gewgaws, from a yard of tape to a \$500

shawl as their fancy dictates. I looked in and thought that I could see a thoroughfare leading from one street to the other. I entered, thinking to pass through and looking as I passed at the wondrous curiosities of the shop, I cast my eye forward and beheld coming directly before, a pretty good looking man, though rather impudent; thinks I, I am in a fair way to try the bumping game over, and was about to speak, when to my utter astonishment I found myself bumping a mirror as large as the broad side of a barn,—and here I learnt that I carried as bold and impudent a front as those who had been rubbing me in the streets. I soon dropped my plunage, and said to my friend "if you hear any inquiries after me, tell 'um' my name is Hains, and that I am Editor of the Seaport Gazette & Loafers Chronicle, away down East, Maine."

I have since been in pursuit of the State Prison, and the walking man, Ellsworth, who is now walking on a wager of \$1000, in Cambridge; the former I found without trouble, with its inmates picking stone, driving pegs and making dippers; the latter I could not, by reason of the premature departure of the cars which run that way. The man is to travel 1 mile an hour for 1000 successive hours to win his bet; he has travelled 33 days and as yet is but little fatigued, legs swollen a little, has not been called but once for starting hours, and says that he shall continue some hours after his time expires, for the purpose I suppose, of drawing a great company and ending his travels in the day time.

We have every thing to please and divert us here, from the wonderful curiosity, the mermaid at the museum, to the preachers of Millerism at the wharves where they hold forth, and where they have this day been stopped by riot and confusion.

Wednesday there is to be a Brigade meeting in the city—a great suffrage Clam bake at Chepachet, R. I., both of which are much talked about. Friday there is to be a political meeting in Faneuil Hall, where the Secretary of State, Hon. Daniel Webster is to meet his friends and define his position, and publish to the world whether he is a Whig, Democrat, Tylerite,

Hallowell & Roads.
Vassalboro, 9th mo. 1842.

POETRY.

For the Farmer & Advocate.

Lines written by M. F. Thompson, a few days before her death.

Fast ebb the tide of life—no moment more
And I may gaze on the eternal shore.
Why do I dread that this short fluttering breath
So soon should freeze in the cold grasp of death?
Long have I changed upon life's changing scene,
Have marked its winters cold & summer's green.
Behold my infant hopes and joys decay,
And deepening shadows darken o'er the way.
A little longer in this vale of tears—
A few short months, at most, a few short years;
What could it add to my small sum of joy
Compared to sorrows and to sins alloy?
Ah! nothing, nothing, by the past I know
How bitter's mingled in each sweet below.
No human chemist e'er can separate
Those parts united in the book of fate.
'Twere better e'er, yet that fearful strife
I dread the struggle between death and life.
Alone, alone in that cold stream.
Oh! Star of Bethlehem cheer me with thy beam.
Middleborough, Mass. M. F. T.

On the death of Henry S. Holmes, of Kingston, Mass.

'Oh ever honored, ever dear, adieu!
No more with pleasure can we gaze on you,
No more behold thee at the social hearth.
Where oft thou'st added to the evening's mirth.
Thy mainly form is cold in death's embrace;
Yet Time's rule finger never can efface
What faithful memory pains upon the heart,
When loved ones here by death are called to part.
Here kindred hands his dust to dust consigned,
With quiet tears, the solemn rites were said;
Here rest in peace, till at the trumpet divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.
Fond parents wept in anguish o'er thy bier,
Brothers and sisters shed affection's tear;
But may thy soul, O soul, be free from pain,
And bless the hand that took thee home to God.
But who can paint the anguish of the heart,
When such dear relatives are called to part?
Ah! weep they must, who feel such bitter pain;
Our Saviour wept, and mortals can't refrain.
Yet weep they not without hope's cheering ray:
They soon will meet in the bright realms of day,
In Heaven, we trust, will reunited be,
And sing God's praise to all eternity.
From the Plymouth Rock. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NONEY MAKING.

OR, SUCCESS NOT ALWAYS HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The gods have heard with too indulgent ears"—JUVENAL.

'What is the matter with you, Harry?
When I parted with you yesterday, you were
in high spirits, anticipating a delightful ride
with your favorite friend, Helen Hazlehurst,
and regarding everything in life through a
rosy-colored medium. Scarcely twenty-four
hours have elapsed, and I find you as grave &
sad as a world-weary sage; what new whim
has seized you?'
'A single hour, Frank, may suffice for the
development of events which color one's
whole future life.'

'What a philosophic remark! pray how
long is it since you turned moralist?'
'Moments often do the work of years,
Frank. A sense of our duties and responsibilities,
usually dawns slowly upon the soul,
like the gradual unfolding of day-light to the
 sleeper, but sometimes it flashes suddenly and
startlingly upon us, even as the lightning,
which reveals his hazardous mountain-path
to the benighted traveller.'

'Upon my word, Harry, you soar an eagle's
flight above my humble comprehension.
What has happened to you since yesterday?'
'Much, Frank; enough, in fact, to change
all my future plans of life.'

'You speak in riddles, my good fellow.'
'I am going to quit college, Frank.'
'Quit college, Harry? you jest, surely.'
'In sober truth, I have decided to relinquish
my studies, and try my fortune in the world
of traffic.'

'Are you mad, Harry, to abandon such a
career as lies before you in professional life,
and to come nearer to present prospects, how
can you bear to withdraw from the scene of
your scholastic labors, after three years of
hard study, when the reward of your talents
and industry is just within your grasp? You
are not—you cannot be serious.'

'I knew you would be surprised, Frank; but
I have something else to tell you, which will
astonish you still more. You know how long
I have admired Helen Hazlehurst, and how
greatly her intimacy with my sisters, has
aided me in obtaining an accurate knowledge
of her character. She is one of those sweet,
gentle creatures, who, tho' unfitted to dazzle
in society, cannot fail to inspire affection in
the hearts of those who behold her in the do-
mestic circle. I have long loved her earnest-
ly and tenderly, but scarcely conscious of the
strength of my own feelings, I have never
spoken to her on the subject; until betrayed
by circumstance, that unsuspicious god—
Yesterday, a large party, among whom were
Helen and myself, set out to ride, and we
were all as merry as youth and healthful ex-
citement could make us. As we entered the
woods, the rest of the gay troop were consid-
erably in advance of us, and while they can-
tered along the main road, I caught the bride
of Helen's horse, and turned into a by-
path which met the road two miles beyond.
I know not what impulse prompted me to the
frank; it was a mere frolic, for I certainly had
no idea of the consequences, which were to
result from it. Somehow or other we seemed
to grow less mindful when we found our-
selves alone in the green-wood. The sunset
hour lent its softening influence to our feel-
ings, we watched the beams of golden light
which fell between the gnarled trunks of the
old trees tingling here & there, a branch with
its gorgeous hues and throwing a rich glow
on the velvet-like turf, until we became silent
& almost addled by overpowering emotion.
The quiet of the place, unbroken save by the
irregular of our horses, or the whizzing of a
bird above our heads—the loveliness of na-
ture in her wildness, and the soft breath of
the summer air, all contributed to subdue our
hearts. At such a moment, mirth seemed
sacrilege. Helen had never looked more
beautiful perhaps her conscious heart lent a
deeper flush to her cheeks, and a softer spar-
kle to her eye, for she seemed to grow more
and more lovely, the longer I gazed upon
her sweet face, I knew not how it hap-

pened, Frank—I was excited—bewildered—
but I remember, that I gave vehement utter-
ance to the emotions which oppressed me.
Those words, which heart responds to heart,
and never spoken in vain, were breathed into
the ear of the agitated girl, and that hour wit-
nessed our betrothal. I cannot describe to
you the intoxicating happiness of that mo-
ment. It seemed to me a dream, and yet, as
I clasped the hand of the gentle and confiding
creature, I felt that it was indeed a blessed
reality.

'Nothing could be more unpremeditated
than this avowal, and perhaps you will say,
nothing could have been more indiscreet, but
when you pass through a similar trial, Frank,
you will better understand the force of the
temptation. That hour decided my future
destiny. I went forth a light-hearted boy, to
whom life was, as yet, but a scene of enjoy-
ment and preparation for future struggle; I re-
turned laden with the responsibilities of man-
hood, for I had taken into my keeping the
heart and happiness of a fellow being. I was
happy very happy, Frank—and yet, to you,
as to a second conscience, I may disclose the
after conflict of my heart. In the deep sil-
ence of night, when the voice of passion was
stilled, and the language of wisdom made it-
self heard in my soul, I was conscious that
I had committed a great error. What right
had I, with my character, as yet, unformed,
by circumstances, my position in society, is
yet, undefined, my fortunes uncertain, my edu-
cation incomplete—what right had I to as-
sume the voluntary guardianship of a young
and innocent girl, whose ignorance of the
world placed her entirely under my guidance?
Years must elapse before I can claim the
hand which she has pledged to me: years of
toil for me—of patient suspense for her. My
very love has taught me the selfishness of my
conduct. In the very watches of the past
night, I have learned—that years are some-
times too short to teach—how fearful are the
responsibilities of him who presume to be his
brother's keeper.'

'You have committed an act of great in-
discretion, Harry, it is true, but I cannot see
any reason for such self-reproach; Helen is
old enough to judge prudently for herself, and
she is fully aware of your pecuniary circum-
stances.'

'Yes, but Helen is one of the most unworld-
ly creatures in existence; she has no idea of
poverty or privation, no knowledge of the
struggles which must be made by the young
and poor American; she would marry me to-
morrow if I were to express such a wish, be-
cause she relies implicitly upon my judgment
and I will not subject either her or myself to
the miseries of a straitened fortune. I must
find some short-cut to the temple of Plutus—
some rapid means of winning gold, and the
pleasures of intellectual life must be relin-
quished for the pursuits of commerce.'

'But why not complete your collegiate
course before adopting any future vocation?'
'Because I should be obliged to sacrifice a
whole year, Frank. No, if I must relinquish
my hopes of fame—if I must leave to others
the glorious chariot-race, while I wrestle and
sweat in the dusty arena, let the strife begin
at once.'

'If Helen loves you, Harry, she will cheer-
fully submit to any delay which circumstan-
ces may demand, and even share your narrow
means, if success should be denied.'

'Never would I subject a wife to all the priv-
ations which must be the lot of poverty.
When I remember the patient toil of my poor
mother, her uncomplaining industry, her econ-
omy, nay, the household drudgery to which
she submitted during my childhood—when I
remember the keen calculation of ex-
penses necessary in our little family, and the
slavish attention to wearisome duties which
my father was compelled to give to return for
his yearly stipend, I feel that I would rather
live and die, a lonely and isolated being, than
subject those whom I love to such a life.'

'Yet your mother was happy amid all her
trials; happy in the affection of her husband—
in the welfare of her children—in the consci-
ousness of her own usefulness.'

'True, because a woman will submit to ev-
ery privation more cheerfully than she can to
a dearth of affection, but the legacy of my
miserly old uncle has materially added to her
enjoyments in later life. No, Frank, had I
kept watch and ward over my heart, I could
have been content to scorn dame Fortune's
favors, while my eye was fixed on the glit-
tering wreath of Fame, but now all is changed.
I love and am beloved—I have been selfish
enough to win what I cannot wear, and I
must be content to hide my jewel within my
heart until I can show it to the world in a
golden setting.'

'The wisdom of twenty years could offer no
arguments sufficiently cogent to overcome
the impulses of mistaken feeling. Frank
Hargrave was silenced if not convinced, and
after many conversations with his friend, re-
signing all hope of Harry's future compan-
ionship, he applied himself with redoubled
diligence to the studies which were to him,
the preparation for a professional career.
The close of the summer vacation saw him
returning to his collegiate duties with re-
newed zest, while his friend, Harry Eustace,
had already devoted his energies to commerce,
and, chained to a desk in the dingy office of
one of our merchant-princes, was fast acquir-
ing the knowledge of business which is nec-
essary to win a moderate degree of success.
It was a weary change for the young aspirant
for fortune's favor. Heretofore he had wan-
dered in classic shades, until his soul became
filled with images of beauty. To him, the lab-
ors of the intellect were as pastime, for he
possessed the strength which could wield the
powerful weapons of science, as well as the
delicate perceptions which seize and enjoy
the most minute charms in the moral and phys-
ical world. He was a poet, because, in
youth, the language of enthusiasm is always
poetry, and a scholar, because study has been
the very element in which he lived. Now all
such things were put aside. His books were
laid by for ever, his verses were condemned
to the flames, and Harry Eustace was only
the active and useful clerk.'

Helen Hazlehurst was all that Eustace had
described her—a gentle, lovely, and loving
creature, full of kindly emotions and in-
nocent thoughts;—a being to be regarded
with tenderness for the very weakness and
helplessness of her relying character. Unfit
for the glaring sunshine, of gay life, and less
able to bear the cold blasts of misfortune, she
was like some rare exotic which requires a
refuge from the storm, and a shelter from the
heat, ere its precious perfume repays the care
bestowed upon its culture. Her beauty was of
that delicate

character which seldom outlasts extreme
youth. Her pure complexion was so brilliant
of hue; her teeth so pearly white, and her fig-
ure so exceedingly slender in its proportions,
that the eye of experience gazed on her with
wonder and admiration; for of such crea-
tures does consumption choose its most fre-
quent victims. Yet there was so much of the
vivacious life in her changeable blush,
her sparkling eye, her elastic step, and her
lively form, that one forgot the frailty of her
loveliness in its wonderful brightness.

Her voice was one of unvaried melody—its every
tone was musical and her song was like the
warble of the forest bird. There was a frank-
ness, too in her manners, a jocosity in her
looks, and a free grace in every gesture,
which could only result from the overflowing
happiness of an innocent heart. Her unworld-
liness of character seemed to shed an all-
most infantine charm around her, and inspired
an involuntary respect for the purity which
knows no evil, and suspects no guile. But
such traits, lovely and feminine as they may
be, are rarely combined with strength of
mind. Helen was all that men seek in the
idol of their earnest youth—all that woman
might ever be, if she could be hedged round
by defence on all sides, to guard her from
disappointment and treachery and sorrow.
But alas! in a world like this, where freshness
of feeling, like the dew upon the flower, is
exhaled in the very morning of life, or if still
retained, must be hidden from view, like the
honey-dew in the blossom, so perfumed choice,
something more is required of women than
gentleness and timid reliance. With some
latent strength of character, veiled by sweet-
ness and tenderness, woman is but a play-
thing, a toy, a puppet to amuse the idle hour
of listlessness, but utterly useless in the days
of darkness and despondency. How beau-
tiful it is to love with the heart and the mind!
exclaimed the gifted Madame de Staël; and
only those who have felt the power of such a
love, can fully appreciate the enthusiasm
which prompted the remark. Helen Hazle-
hurst was not calculated to inspire such af-
fection. She possessed all the qualities which
are most lovely in childhood, or even in early
maidenhood, but which unless connected with
some loftier traits, are apt to degenerate into
commonplace feelings in later life.

For two years Harry Eustace continued to
fill the station which alone could afford a com-
petent knowledge of his future profession.
His days were devoted to business, his even-
ings to the society of Helen, and, as there
were many kind gossipies ready to spread a-
broad the tidings of their engagement, it was
soon understood that she was to be left to the
exclusive attentions of her lover. The error
so prevalent in society, which induces a girl,
as soon as she becomes affianced, to seem ut-
terly unapproachable to all others than her fu-
ture husband—an error which tends to narrow
her mind, and deprive her of one of the most
effective sources of intellectual improvement—
was practiced to its fullest extent in this
case. Everybody knew that Helen was en-
gaged, and therefore it becomes neces-
sary for everybody to treat her in a manner dif-
fering as much from the familiarity which might
be permitted if she were married, as from the
attentive politeness which was her due pre-
vious to her betrothal. The young lover, im-
mersed in business from morning till night,
felt no disposition to mingle in the gaieties of
society, and Helen, happy in the few hours
which she daily spent with him, cared little for
the pleasures which had formerly attracted her.
The life of both had become only a quiet
round of monotonous duties and gentle af-
fections, when an event occurred which dis-
turbed the calmness of their feelings, just in time
perhaps, to prevent utter stagnation.

Eustace was not without friends who were
both able and willing to assist him in his
claims upon fortune; for it is the way of the
world to cheer on a man in the pursuit of
wealth, although many a stumbling block
would be thrown in his path if he were seeking
in the unreal gift of fame. An advantageous
offer was made him, which seemed to offer ev-
ery prospect of success, but it involved the
necessity of banishment from his native land.
The agency of a factory, and certain facilities
for private speculation, awaited him in China,
while only the slow accumulations of industry
and economy seemed promised him at home.

True to his sense of honor and duty, Eustace
referred the decision to Helen, and frankly
stated all the advantages of a temporary sepa-
ration, while he described the small chance
which was now afforded him of rapid success.
He meant not to influence her decision, but
in his attempt at impartial argument, he evin-
ced so plainly his own wishes, that the timid
and self-distrusting girl, accustomed to rely
implicitly on his own judgment, decided a-
gainst herself. With tears, such as had never
before dimmed her bright eyes, she con-
vined him to do whatever was most for his ad-
vantage, and Eustace, impressed with the be-
lief that he should be enabled thus to claim
his bride, decided to accept the proffered
good. Full of hope, and exulting in the pros-
pect of a speedy return, he repressed his own
sorrowful emotions, and soothed the grief of
the devoted Helen. His friend, Frank Har-
grave, received the last grasp of his hand ere
the ship gave her sails to the wind, and as he
stood on deck, straining his eyes to behold the
faint outline of the companion of his early
studies, while the remembrance of a gentle
and tearful face rose before his mental vision,
even the eager gold-seeker felt that wealth
might be too dearly bought.

My tale is one of common life; there are
no hair-breadth escapes, no crushing reverses
no overwhelming vicissitudes to disturb the
quiet course of human events. In a country
like ours, where nearly one half of the mem-
bers of every large family are induced to
look abroad for fortune, these things are of
such common occurrence, that perhaps I
ought to apologize for offering so common-
place a subject to the attention of my gentle
reader. We hear daily of young and enter-
prising men, abandoning the pleasures of
home and friends, and, after years of toil,
returning to their native land, prosperous, and,
as it would seem, happy. But may I not be
pardon if I lift the golden tissue which rests
upon the heart, and show the price at which
the rich vestment has been purchased?

Eustace devoted himself to business with a
degree of zeal and perseverance that could
not but command success. In the excite-
ment of his daily duties, and the engrossing
study of all that could tend to the accom-
plishment of his designs he gradually lost much
of his poignant regret. His whole soul became
absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, and his
ideas of a competent fortune became so ex-

panded, that the goal of his hopes seemed to
fleet further on, the more rapidly he sped to-
wards it. His letters to Helen were full of
affection, and many a fantastic token of re-
membrance, carved with the wonderful skill
of the singular people among whom he so-
journed, came over the wide waste of waters,
to cheer the lonely girl. But alas! it was
with them as with all others:—

"The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When such is lonely doomed to weep,
Are fruits in desert isles that perish,
Or treasures buried in the deep."

Many a tender thought, many a gentle fan-
cy, which, if uttered in the ear of affection,
would have been as the sweet voice of an an-
gel, softening the heart which life's cares
were indurating, and cheering the bosom
which solitude was gradually darkening, was
necessarily lost in the distance which separated
the lovers. Months elapsed between the
writing and the reading of the precious
letters which were like winged messengers of
love across the trackless ocean. Gradually,
imperceptibly, unconsciously, there was a
change in the style of those letters. Still
tender and affectionate, they had lost much of
the romantic fervor of early youth. Eustace
learned to mingle tidings of the strange world
in which he lived, with the outpourings of
that love that once overflowed the limits of a
single epistle. He wrote calmly, quietly,
tenderly as one might address the wife of his
bosom, the partner of his cares as well as his
joys; while poor Helen's letters were mere
transcripts of her monotonous life and its pa-
ralysing effect upon her concentrated feelings.
Shut up in the seclusion of domestic life, sur-
rounded by persons, who, whatever might be
their creed as to the chief end of man, be-
lieved most religiously that the chief end of
woman was to understand the mysteries of
house cleaning, manage servants, and make
shirts, Helen made a merit of excluding all
amusements, and devoting herself solely to
those peculiarly feminine duties, which she
had been led to consider paramount in a wife.
of the development of mind and character
which enables a wife to contribute so much
more largely to a husband's happiness, while
it fits her still better for the minor duties of
life, poor Helen was utterly ignorant. An
adept in every variety of needle work, thor-
oughly versed in every department of house-
keeping, exhibiting the most elaborate skill
in the labors of the kitchen, & a perfect mod-
el of economy and neatness, she was consid-
ered by her family, a very pattern for good
wives. And so she was, as far as such ac-
complishments go towards forming that most
desirable of earthly blessings. But essential
as these things are in a wife, there are other
qualities quite as necessary to the attainment
of that perfect unity of feeling which can al-
lure secure domestic happiness. While the
husband devotes his chief attention to active
life, and the wife gives her time and thoughts
to the thousand minute cares which make up
the sun of household duties, there should be
some spot of neutral ground where both may
meet,—some green and shady nook, as re-
mote from the turmoil of the world of busi-
ness, as it is from the monotonous hum of the
careless wheels which control the machinery
of housekeeping. There should be other and
loftier subjects of conversation between them
than consultations about the next day's din-
ner, or discussions about the last weekly bill.
A woman's mind should be trained to those
liberal views which enable her to under-
stand and appreciate her husband's pur-
suits, even when she does not seek to share
them.—The field of intellect should not be
suffered to lie fallow;—if the soil be thin and
poor it will at least yield a growth of fragrant
flowers to charm the weary eye; and if it be
capable of producing not only the perishing
blossom, but also the rich fruits of wisdom,
how greatly is the happiness as well as the
usefulness of both increased. Helen had no
such ideas, however. For her, life had but
one aim and but one hope; by close attention
to womanly duties she was accomplishing the
first and the return of her lover would fulfil
the second.

Year after year elapsed, and still Eustace
was accumulating wealth. Avarice is like
jealousy, 'it grows by what it feeds on.'
How could he feel he had enough when ev-
ery season was adding to his hoard? How
desist from gathering the golden fruitage
which fell at his very feet?—Twelve years
of unremitting labor had made him the pos-
sessor of an enormous fortune, and at length
he became wearied even to satiety, ere he
determined to seek his native land. In the
course of his preparations for his return, many
early associations were reviewed, old
friends were remembered with something like
former affection, and tokens of regard were
carefully treasured up to be presented to
many an early associate whose image had
nearly faded from his recollection. His
wealth was gradually transferred to America,
and converting the surplus of his immense
investments, into silver plate, which was
valued in value by the delicate and skillful
workmanship of the Chinese, Eustace em-
barked for America.

Late one afternoon, about a month after
his arrival in New York, Eustace was seated
alone in his apartment. Wealth can accom-
plish wonders, and the rich merchant
was already installed in a splendidly furnis-
hed house, which only wanted a mistress to
perfect its arrangements. Everything around
him was costly and magnificent. The looms
of Persia furnished the velvet-like carpets in
which the foot buried itself at every step,—
the delicate tissues of India shaded the open
casements—the exquisite embroidery of the
Celestial Empire lay like jewels on each
cushioned chair, or converted each luxurious
couch into a bed of flowers, which might
have deceived even Nature's self. Tall va-
ses of silver filigree stood in the corners,
filled with some strange and delicious per-
fume, and diffusing a subtle odour through
the apartments,—plants of rare beauty bloom-
ed in those delicate jars to which China has
given her own ancient name—nondescript
images, of silver and gold, and precious por-
celain,—cups as delicate as a fairy chalice,
and worth a prince's mansion for their fragile
beauty,—were gathered in rich profusion in
those ornate apartments, while Chinese
servants, clad in silk, and wearing slip-
pers of the softest felt, glided noiselessly
about, like shadows in a dream. Yet Eus-
tace sat, amid all this splendor, in silence,
and, as it seemed, in sadness. A cloud was
upon his brow, and the unquiet drooping of
his eyelid told of many a melancholy thought.
Suddenly the door opened, and a pale, in-
tellectual looking man, with the stooping

shoulders and slender figure of an habitual
student entered the room. He paused a
moment at the threshold, and the next in-
stant the hands of both were interlocked in
the warm grasp of forgotten friendship.

'Frank! Harry! burst spontaneously
from the lips of each, and a tear, welling up
from the depths of a noble heart, moistened
the eyes of both.'

'I have been all impatience to see you
since I first heard of your arrival, Harry,'
said Hargrave, 'but I could not get away
from business, and as I should have been ru-
ined in the opinion of my matter-of-fact
neighbors, had I come to New York to see
an old friend, I was glad to trump up some
old and neglected concern as an excuse.'

'Do you still live in that little village Frank,
where you took up your abode soon after
completing your law studies?'
'The little village! bless your heart, Harry,
nothing remains little in this country;
our village is now an incorporated city, and
I have the honor to be its chief magistrate.
Ha! ha! only think of Frank Hargrave, the
mayor—'

'And you are married too, Frank?'
'Yes, I have one of the best of wives, and
two as pretty and promising little ones as one
could wish to see.'

'Then I suppose you have made a fortune,
too?'
'No, no, Harry, fortunes do not grow here
as fast as they do in tropical countries. I
own a farm whose produce suffices for the
support of my family, and my profession
brings me an income of from twelve to fifteen
hundred dollars per annum. I do not count
my salary as mayor, for that is all consumed
in the extra expenses attendant upon the of-
fice,—the honor, the honor, Ha!—is all that
political rank affords in an economical repub-
lic. I am enabled to lay aside something ev-
ery year towards the support of my old age,
but riches I never expect to obtain. My
whole estate would scarcely pay for such a
thing as that, and Hargrave pointed as he
spoke, to the superb silver table which stood
beside his friend, strewn with costly Indian
toys.

'You have come just in time, Frank,' said
Eustace, after a pause, 'this is my wedding
day,—I am to be married this evening.'
'Ah, I am truly glad of it, Harry! Helen!
she has waited long for you, Harry; her
youth and beauty have faded, and yet, now
that I look more closely at you, she is not
more changed than yourself. What a bronzed
and weather beaten face you have brought
back; you are more than half a China-man.'

Eustace sighed heavily.
'Nay, do not sigh about it, Harry, I dare
say you are as handsome as ever in the eyes
of Helen.'

'Poor, poor, Helen!' said Eustace, despond-
ingly.
'Rather say rich Helen,' cried Frank, gai-
ly, 'why man, you have more gold and silver
in this very room than we Yankees are ac-
customed to handle in a lifetime.'

'Yet would I give all my hard-earned
wealth, Frank, for the gifts which you pos-
sess.'

'What are they, pray?'
'Your freshness of feeling, the earnestness
of purpose, the enthusiasm of character
which makes you still as ardent as a boy,
while I am a care-worn and world-weary
man.'

'What do you mean, Harry? You have
realized every hope,—you have gained a
princely fortune, and are now upon the point
of wedding the object of your first love;—
what more can be wanting to your happiness?'
'The capacity for enjoyment, without which
all else is valueless. I have wasted my glad
youth in toil, thankless, unshared toil,—I
have denied myself the enjoyments of social
life,—shut up my better feeling within my
own bosom,—made even love my slave, rather
than my master, and by the force of an
indomitable will have won all that I fancied
necessary to happiness. But I forgot to cal-
culate the changes of years and circumstan-
ces. I did not think that the rolling wheels
of time which were scattering golden sands
as they flashed past me in my foreign abode,
were crushing the simple flowers of life which
bloomed in my native wood and home. I
return to claim my bright and beautiful Helen,
and I find but a spectre of the past,—a
pale, spiritless, sad-eyed creature, whose ev-
ery feeling is centred in a blind devotion to
me,—whose mind is as childlike as in the
days of her girlish beauty and simplicity,
while her person is blighted by premature
age,—whose very guilelessness, so lovely in
her extreme youth now wears the semblance
of weakness,—whose only charms now con-
sist in her undying love. Alas! alas! the
perfume of the faded rose alone remains, and
my future life must be spent in a vain attempt
to cherish the perishing flower.'

'Good Heavens! Eustace, with such feel-
ings why do you marry Helen?'
'Why do I marry? Can you ask such a ques-
tion, Frank? should I not be a monster if I
hesitated when the path of duty is so plain?
Who condemned her young years to the
blight of loneliness and hope deferred? For
whose sake was the sweetness of that fair
flower wasted? While she lives she shall be
watched over with all the tenderness of re-
morseful love; but she will die, Frank,—
even now the seeds of disease are sown, and
I know that she will die;—yet instead of be-
ing agonized at the very thought of such a
catastrophe, I can talk of it calmly, and with-
out one thrill of the anguish which in earlier
days would have rent my very heartstrings.
Am I not then changed? I tell you, man,
my capacities for love and happiness are dead
within me. Even as they who delve the mine
lose their physical vigor and become old ere
they reach their prime, so have my feelings
become blighted and blasted by the poison-
ous atmosphere of gold. My locks are still
unbleached, but my heart is grey. The nec-
essary of loving no longer exists; I am past
all enjoyment of heart and mind. The ex-
citement of money making, like that of gam-
bling, uplifts the mind for quiet pleasures;
my books, to which I thought should return
with new zest, are utterly distasteful to me—
I can never again be the abstracted and im-
aginative student. My early love, which in
all my wanderings was like the star of hope,
now gleams dimly and faintly through the
mists of years—I can be the kind husband,
but never again the passionate lover. To
exhibit my wealth to admiring and envious
eyes,—to live amid luxuries which I despise,
although habit has made them necessary to
my comfort,—to watch with regretful ten-
derness over the fading away of the only
creature who loves me, while remorse is ever

in my heart, because of my own inert affec-
tions,—such is my future destiny. You pity
me, Frank,—oh! may you never know the
pang of self pity,—the compassion for one's
own self, which now stirs within my bosom
when I behold around me so many means of
enjoyment, and feel myself so incapable of
appreciating them. I have made gold my
idol, and verify I have my reward.'

'You judge too hastily of yourself, Harry;
had you remained at home the same changes
might have occurred in Helen, and the same
length of time might have elapsed ere you
could marry.'

'No, no, Frank, I cannot deceive myself
with any such sophistry. Had I been here
to watch over her failing health, to guide her
gentle mind, to develop her latent qualities,
to assimilate her to myself,—we should now
be happy, for I should never then have learned
how unsuited were our characters. Do
you remember the story of the blind man who
had been accustomed to consider his wife
beautiful, because her voice was one of ex-
treme sweetness, and who, when restored to
sight, felt more grief at the loss of that dear
delusion, than joy at the acquisition of all the
other blessings of light? Such is my fate;
my love has been like the lamp enclosed in
an antique sepulchre, burning clear and un-
dimmed while shut up within my own bosom,
but dying out into a feeble glimmer beneath
the glare of open day.'

Rarely do the predictions of sorrow fail.
Helen became the bride of the wealthy and
honored merchant, while not one shadow of
distrust rested upon the pure current of her
faithful affection.—Throned like an idol amid
the countless luxuries which a lavish ten-
derness gathered around her, she was happy in
her undoubting faith, happy in her husband's
gentle care, happy in the realization of her
life-long dream of hope. Yet the forebod-
ings of Eustace were fulfilled. Consump-
tion had set its mark upon her, and gradually
did she fade from the sight of those who loved
her. She lived long enough to awaken a
degree of pitying tenderness in the bosom of
her husband, which was in fact love, but love
with all its griefs and none of its delights.
And then,—when his very watchfulness over
her welfare had become a necessity to the
morbid and disappointed Eustace, she closed
her blameless life in quiet happiness.

'She has left me,' he wrote to his friend,
Hargrave,—'she has left me; I am now a
lonely and unloved being,—solitary amid my
fellows, without either joy or hope in the
world. My wealth is a positive curse to me,
since it removes from me the necessity of ex-
ertion, which could alone divert my incur-
able melancholy. We are like the brothers
in the beautiful Eastern Apologue, Frank; I
have wasted the best years of my life in a
vain search after the phantom Peace, while
you have found the gentle goddess seated at
your threshold. God grant that she may ever
abide with you.'—Lady's Book.

Fresh stock of New SUMMER GOODS.

Just received and for sale at the brick store
in Winthrop, a good assortment of the various
kinds of goods wanted in the country, bought at the
lowest market price in Boston, this month (July) to
correspond with which we have reduced the price
of our former stock, making altogether, we think,
an assortment none of the smallest, either in quan-
tity or variety.—Consisting in part of—

3000 yds yard wide Sheetings from 5 to
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Saxony, Muslin de Laine and Printed Lawns for
summer dresses. Gents and Lady's Scarfs. Muslin
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